

commit myself to the deep, and was on the point of doing so, invoking Heaven to receive my spirit.

"The very lacerated state of my nose, mouth, and feet," says the doctor, "when I was borne from the rock, were indicative of the sufferings I had endured. Poor M'Arthur seemed either quite regardless of, or insensible to, my repeated warnings of his danger. He at last put his hands into the pockets of his trousers, in spite of my remonstrances to the contrary. The point of the rock on which he stood affording him a better foothold, or standing, than mine, and that portion of the rock immediately before him not being so perpendicular as that before me, allowed him to bend forward. This last advantage, coupled with that of his better footing and his being overpowered with sleep, induced him to be so careless of his safety. But almost instantly a fearful and tremendous sea struck the rock just below the slight shelves or openings which supported our toes, and immediately rebounded over us many feet in height; then breaking and falling with great force on our heads, it had the effect of hurling of" on the instant poor M'Arthur. O gracious God, I never can be sufficiently grateful for Thy bountiful goodness and singular preservation in protecting me through so many imminent perils, so many hair-breadth escapes! For of all the passengers with whom I dined on Friday in the steamer *Killarney* I am the only survivor! The cook who prepared the dinner, and the steward, steward's brother, and the stewardess that served it, are all in eternity!"

It was not till about ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday that the poor sufferers on the rock endeavoured to change their positions, which was a matter of some difficulty. One of the passengers, during the early part of the night, having been unable to attain a position as comfortable as that of some of the rest, had hung on to Dr. Spolaseo's legs, in order to save himself from dropping into the sea. Later a heavy wave struck him; he relinquished his hold, and was swept into the sea never to rise again. "On gaining the summit," says the doctor, "I perceived with horror that many had disappeared during the night, and among them the lady whom I had rescued at the loss, I may indeed fairly say, of my dear boy." There was a general hope among the survivors that they would be rescued early that morning (Sunday), and their disappointment that no effort was made to save them was great indeed. They saw at an early hour hundreds of peasants on the beach and cliff, some of them busily engaged at the wreckage or in bearing away parts of the pigs which had formed part of the cargo, but all intent upon gain. Not the slightest effort was made for the poor wretches on the rock, although Spolaseo at intervals waved his purse in one hand and his cap in another in order to induce the peasantry to afford assistance.

The doctor endeavoured by signs to indicate that a raft could be easily constructed from the wreckage, and that the drift of the current would bring it to the rock, but he was not understood. Again their hopes fell to zero. Poor M'Arthur, the engineer, who had been nearly drowned before, had managed to struggle to a higher position on the rock, but he died from exhaustion early on Monday morning. Some time after, two men, and a little later two boys, fell headlong into the sea, being nearly dead from starvation and exposure. Of twenty-five who got safely on the rock, thirteen died before they could be rescued; and yet it was so near the coast that those mounting the